

Ruffella!

by amcan14

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Summary: Inspired from idon'tcare14's story Once Upon a Berk, it's my take on Cinderella, How to train your dragon style!

Ruffella!

****While I can't think of anything for my other story, I've decided to write this; inspired from my sister's current work.****

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><p>Once upon a time, as that is how all fairy tales start, there was a young and fair girl. To the few people she knew she was a vision of beauty, if not a little slow. With long golden curls and wide bright eyes, she could surely make any man's heart melt with a single glance her way.<p>

Her Father had named her Ruffella, as her mother had died at the birth. She had a twin sister, obviously of less beauty. In fact, many had to take a second glance her way as they thought she was a man! Her name was Tuffelda as you can see; their father had very poor taste in names.

A few years subsequent to the tragic death of the twins' mother, their father remarried to a fellow widower. She had, however gained a cruel reputation that she did very well to hide from him. She too had a daughter, a fairly pretty girl by the name of Astridtatia, who was ugly on the inside.

As the years went by, the stepmother chose favourites of Tuffelda and Astridtatia. During this time their father had become very sick and soon passed away. The mother, who had silently resented the beauty of Ruffella, now treated her as dirt, taking all of her possessions and giving them to the sisters. They made her wash and cook and even on a few occasions, made her thin frame snake its way through the chimney to clean it. Because of all this, Ruffella looked like a peasant, yet

her beauty was still obvious. So in an attempt to stop her jealousy, the mother never let Ruffella leave the house.

Despite all this, Ruffella never argued and never disobeyed. She might have however spat in their food, but that had yet to be proven. This was because Ruffella was a very strong believer in Karma, and possibly because she was stupid. She thought if she was good and did as she was told and was kind, good things would come to her. This is the case at the end of our story, but we're getting ahead of ourselves if talk about that.

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><p>'Ruuuuffff!' The high and whinny voice of Ruffella's stepsister, Astridtatia was heard throughout the walls of the big house the family of women lived within. After a few moments of waiting, the young woman began to get frustrated. With a stamp of her foot, along with a squeak in anger she hollered out again.<p>

'RUFFELLA! Come here now!' The dirt laden beauty came rushing in, tripping upon her feet in her haste. Astridtatia gave a snorted laugh; she always enjoyed watching the girl make a fool of herself.

'Y-Yes, sister, what is it that I can help you with?' Ruffella stuttered, dusting off her clothes pointlessly.

'_1._ Don't call me your sister, it makes me feel disgusted,' the cruel, bratty girl notified to Ruffella with a flick of her golden hair, 'and _b._ Get here faster next time, I don't like to repeat myself. Now brush my hair for me.' With a sheepish nod, Ruffella grabbed the beautifully engraved, silver brush; with a plastered on smile she set to work on her sister's pretty, but highly knotted hair.

After a few short minutes of silence while hair was being expertly brushed, a loud clatter was heard from the next room over.

'Ruffella!' A deep but raspy voice called from the source of the initial commotion. Loud clunking footsteps soon followed suite, and before long, the very manly figure of Ruffella's twin, Tuffelda stood at the doorway.

'There was, like, kinda an incident in my room and it's somehow been, like trashed. So, like, go and clean it up or whatever it is you do around here,' the heavily statured one of the three girls commanded, looking at the pink coloured nails upon her large man-hands.

Ruffella looked up with eyes shut tight she smiled and nodded.

'I'll do it as soon as I can.' Tuffelda rolled her eyes.

'Yeah, whatever. Oh yeah, mother said you have to see her, she said something about cleaning somewhere, I wasn't really listening.' Ruffella gave another sheepish nod and a grin and went on her way to the fabulously styled living room.

'Tuffelda said you wished to see me stepmother?' Ruffella chimed in

her sweet voice, brushing off her dress pointlessly as it was grubby beyond compare. The blonde haired figure turned to face the dirt ridden beauty. The stepmother was quite an unusual looking woman; at first glance of the women together you'd think she was Tuffelda's birth mother. The woman was very manly like the less pretty twin, complete with a full blown moustache, a hook for a hand and a wooden leg.

'Are, there ya are girl,' she said with a thick accent, a large bristled brush in hand, she extended the utensil towards the younger woman, 'the chimney's a right mess.' Ruffella took the brush and with a sigh headed towards the chimney.

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><p>After a good hour the chimney was clean and Ruffella was onto her next menial task. A knock on the door however, caused this task to be put on hold to answer it. At the door stood a rather large young man, with a clearing of his throat he began to speak.<p>

'Greetings, I am here to give this invitation to the ball that is being held tonight, for the dashing prince Snotlout's birthday. May you please see to it that this invitation is received?' Ruffella gave a nod and closed the door. As soon as she was about to call out to rest of the family about the invitation, Astridtatia came bounding down the stairs, thoroughly tackling her stepsister to gain the letter. She read through it once, twice and even a third time followed by a pinch to ensure she wasn't dreaming.

'AAAH!!' The perky yet cruel blonde cried out, 'Oh my GOSH! Tuffelda! Tuffelda! _We_ have been invited to the ball for the _PRINCE!_' The manly girl was shocked; her mouth hung wide open and her eyes wide open.

'Oh my gosh, really?' Her sister nodded and the two began a squealing fit, running upstairs and chattering on about what to wear. Ruffella was also beginning to feel giddy at the thought of being able to go to a ball.

'Oh! How exciting this is, my first ball,' she gasped, clapping her hands excitedly. Her stepmother, having heard this, gave a loud chuckle.

'You, coming with us to the ball, don't be silly; you don't even have anything to wear apart from that _thing_.'

'Oh please may I also come along stepmother, I have been good and I could use one of my sisters', less fancy dresses,' the blonde was upon her knees begging. With a large sigh to make sure she was heard, her stepmother decided to make a deal.

'Tell you what, if you can clean your sister's room, can get yourself cleaned up and get a dress from one of them in an hour, you can come with us.' Ruffella's eyes shot right from her head.

'I can't do all of that in an hour, it's impossible!' Her stepmother gave a snort.

'I suppose you won't be coming then, we might as well go without you.'

With that said, her step mother left to get ready, leaving Ruffella to sit and cry all alone.

* * *

><p>A few hours later and the other women had left, Ruffella still sat in the same spot, crying her eyes out till there was nothing left to cry.<p>

'Oh, why did they not let me go to the ball with them, how I wish I could,' the beauty whispered as the last tear fell. And as her last tear hit the ground, something magical happened. Smoke began to rise all around, so thick that Ruffella thought the house was on fire. She began to panic, going on about what her stepmother would say.

Before she could get out the door to fetch buckets, a final large puff of smoke brought forth a lanky looking man in brightest, shiniest pink suit. He gave few girlish coughs before clearing his throat to a much deeper tone.

'Ruffella,' he began in a nasally tone, 'I am your fairy god guy. As you have been good for all of your life and I am here to reward your kindness, by getting you to the ball to meet the prince.' Ruffella just gave a shocked and confused expression in return. The fairy god guy gave a great sigh.

'Well Hiccup, they stuck you with another dimwit,' he said under his breath, 'look, you wanna go to the ball or not?' That got Ruffella thinking normally again.

'Oh, yes, more than anything, but I don't have a dress or means to get there and I must clean my sister's room.' The fair man Hiccup gave the young girl a smirk.

'That's why I'm here,' he replied as if the most obvious thing in the world. With a flourish of his hand and some more smoke and before you knew it a woman was standing next to him.

'Who is she?' Ruffella asked innocently.

'Why she's a maid,' Hiccup said handing the woman some money and pointing her upstairs. With another flourish Ruffella's clothes where changed with a beautiful yellow dress and she was clean.

'Oh! How wonderful!' she cried with a clap of her hands. Hiccup gave another smirk

'And one final touch,' he said with a final wave of his hand. Outside the house, was a fancy white carriage with two horses being driven by the man who'd given the invitation earlier.

'Ah! This is marvellous! Thank you so much!'

'Don't mention it, just make sure your back here by midnight, this stuff is on rent just for tonight.' With a nod of her head she ran off to the coach to attend the ball.

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><p>'Humph! This is the worst birthday ever!' The charming prince Snotlout cried slumped in his throne watching the party goers all around him. 'There's no one to talk to and all the girls here are just plain crazy. I wish something would happen!' As soon as the words left his mouth, something did happen however, for standing at the large wooden doors was the most beautiful girl that the prince had ever seen. With big bright eyes, long blonde hair and her thin frame in the stunning yellow dress, she could easily be mistaken for a princess! The prince, being the charmer that he was, decided to go over and speak to the angelic girl.<p>

'Well, hello there. Huh, and I thought I knew every princess in the neighbouring kingdoms,' the prince spoke in his most charming and suave voice. It worked very well as Ruffella was now blushing like a mad-woman.

'O-Oh! H-How kind of you to say that, b-but I'm not a princess!' Prince Snotlout gave the biggest smile he could.

'Well then,' he replied, taking the girls hand in his, 'if you not a princess, perhaps you could tell me who you are over a dance?' Ruffella was shocked yet again for the night. Her eyes bulged quickly followed by a swift nod. The prince then led her to the dance floor, as every other girl, especially her two sisters, stood in awe and jealousy.

The two spent the entire night in each other's company, talking and dancing and laughing, so much so the time just flew by. The couple where outside in the minutes before midnight, and they would have kissed if Ruffella hadn't seen the time.

'Oh no! It's almost midnight!' she cried as she ran from the castle. The prince called out to her, thoroughly confused. His calling also made Ruffella lose focus, where she tripped and lost her shoe.

The prince ran down to it and picked it up. Determination swelled up inside him, wanting to see the girl again.

'Fishlegs!' he called and out came the man that we've been seeing everywhere.

'Yes sir?' He replied curtly.

'Tomorrow, we set out to every house an invitation was sent to, I want to where my princess lives.' Fishlegs nodded and the two headed back to the castle.

* * *

><p>The following day, the prince and Fishlegs went to every invited home to see who the shoe belonged to, but with every house they visited, the more declines of ownership they got, meaning the sadder the prince became. By the time they had reached Ruffella's home it was afternoon, and for all day, Ruffella had felt much like the prince. She was hidden in the kitchen when the prince came, completely oblivious, well, more than usual, in her state of sadness.<p>

Her sisters on the other hand where more than happy to be near the prince, but where less than happy when it was proven they were not

the right girls.

'Well,' began the stepmother, 'that's it no one here is the right girl, you best be off then.' She began to push them out the door when Fishlegs spoke up.

'Wait! What about the girl I gave the letter too yesterday?' The manly woman was stunned into shock, how on Earth did he remember her? Snotlout on the other hand was ecstatic.

'Wonderful! Bring her out!' He cried. The stepmother complied, not wanting to get in a fight with a prince. The moment Ruffella was brought out she immediately claimed ownership of the shoe, Snotlout was more than willing to let her try, and once it was on without a second thought he kissed her.

'Let's get married!' He cried as he got to one knee.

'Oh! This is all happening so fast. OK!' And together they left the home of the three cruel women and got married and lived happily ever after. And the three women lost all credibility among the village and became social pariahs.

So you see, Ruffella was right about karma all along and all got what they deserved.

THE END!

* * *

><p>There you have it! And Finished on Australia Day! So if you're Aussie, have decent one! Just so you know this is my longest one-shot ever!

End
file.